general and specific denial of the asser-

tions which the Spectator has made. This

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1898,

ANOTHER BROADSIDE.

A few days ago The Times republished, from the Greenville (S. C.) Mountaineer the substance of a most vigorous editorial against "Expansion." Colonel Hoyt, the editor, evidently knew what he was about when he entitled his article, "Have We a Monarchy or a Re-Every enlightened statesman is obliged to see that, while a "colonial" policy may, perhaps, under exceptionally favorable conditions, be safely adopted and wisely administered under a monarchy, still, under a republican form of government, the obstacles against such a policy are well-nigh insuperable.

The British statesmen have had long a colonial policy, and yet no man of sense and candor can read the speeches or the writings of Edmund Burke with out having his faith in such a policy under a monarchy, very seriously shaken, and it is a fact perfectly wel own to all competent students of British political history, that not a few of the ablest British statesmen since Burke's day have seriously questioned the wisdom of that policy, while some of the most enlightened of them have expended all the powers of their eloquene of tongue and pen in denouncing it as unwise and injurious to the best interests of their country.

But at the present period in the hisand "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" should make us slow to accept "imperialism." During the whole of our history we have been "home bodies," unanimous opinion of the fathers of the republic that we should always remain "home bodies." The warning against "entangling alliances," sounded more than a century ago, in the very infancy of the republic, came from one of the wisest, purest, most unselfish and most far-seeing statesmen that ever administered any government since Moses Jed God's people out of Egyptian bondage. That warning has become a household word in our politics, and the very hornbook of American statesmen of all par-

We have, for more than a century, been almost worried out of our lives in our struggles with the mighty problem, how to govern allen races. No man who has really studied the political history of this country in the Debates of the Federal Convention, Benton's Thirty Years' View, Blaine's Twenty Years in Congress, John Quincey Adams' Diary, or any other "authority," can help seeing that nearly everything which we call "American politics," has, during the whole course of our history, grown out of, or been closely connected with the questions "What shall we do with the negroes?" And on neither of these questions does any thoughtful man believe that any approach to a settlement is anywhere in

Now, with such a history behind us, and such problems before us, right here at home, it should seem a proper answer to the "imperialist" to say, "This is the airy coinage of your brain."

An old Virginia statesman of the Piedmont region used to tell gleefully the following anecdote which is here in point A sturdy old farmer, who was noted for staying at home and minding his own concerns, lived upon the public road which led to the court-house. On every fourth Monday-County Court-day of Orange-he would see hundreds of men riding by his gate, on their way to the court-house. Not a few of them were his neighbors, and he would ask them, "Where are you going?" "Going to court." "What for?" "Business." Now, the quiet old soul had never been to court in his life, and, naturally enough, was puzzled with the question, "What sort of business can take so many people to court?" So, one fourth Monday, he said to the good wife, "Nancy, as the crap is laid by, I b'leeve I'll saddle the old gray mar, and ride down to the cotetil them folks is got thar." So away he

old friends, whom he had not seen for years, and divers "drinks" were taken He became a little fuddled; some man said to him something he did not like A fisticust ensued: he gloriously "whip ped his man," was sued for assnult and buttery, and had "business" at court the rest of his life. It is not necessary to

'apply" this story; it applies itself. From the same source comes another, which is equally pointed: An old farmer among the mountains of Virginia had a mountain field, skirting the public road. Near the road was a cabin, Inhabited by an old free-nogro woman, with a whole tribe and generation of children, for whom she found it a hard task to provide. One day she sent one of her boys mile and a quarter to her landlord's house, to notify him that the fence was down. Now, our friend was an ardent pro-slavery man; so he said, jocularly Tell your mother I'm very much obliged to her, and I'll give her a negro." The nalf-starved, ragged urchin promptly redied: "She got more niggers now than sne know what to do wid. ***********

MR, BRYAN SHOULD RETIRE.

Mr. William J. Bryan continues his

forts to keep before the country as the prospective numbee in 1900 of the Demooln, Nebraska, is a distinct bid for a new nomination. Yet, if Mr. Bryan is he unseitish patriot that many perso think him, we cannot doubt that he would renounce all ideas of a new nomnation and leave the Democratic party to get out of the terrible mess be go it into as best it may. The overwhelm ing defeat he received in 1896 ought t teach him that there is no more possdisturb our standard of value than there ountry made the free silver cause decorper than it can ever by any poss bility be again, how can he expect to b elected now when there is such a flood tide of prosperity coming on the country as has never before been known of in he history of the world?

Mr. Revan led the Democratic parts into ruin and chaos, and the least he can do now is to leave It alone that its strong men may endeavor to drag it out of the mud and sit it on its feet again.

What he said in Lincoln about expan sion and imperialism meets with The Times' heartlest approbation and with the heartlest approbation of millions of the best and most conservative citizens of the United States. But emphatically as we enforce all he said upon that sub ject, neither The Times nor millions of those other conservative citizens will ver consent to see Mr. Bryan made President. But, to make matters as bad as the

could be, Mr. Bryan failed to hold his peace with regard to silver when making his speech. He declared that the gold standard had wrought more injustic in our country in the last twenty-fiv years than Spain had wrought in all he colonies, and thr: opposition to it will stored! Mr. Bryan cannot turn his eyes In any direction without seeing evidence of the prodigious prosperity that the gold standard, stability and confidence are bringing the country, yet he continue his platitudes about a scarcity so glutted with money that it can hardly be leaned at all. The astounding balance of trade in favor of this country, run ning for the year 1898 to more than six hundred millions of dellars, makes no impression upon Mr. Bryan. His neighrs in Kansas have pail off all th nortgages on their farms and ar amongst the most prosperous people of the earth, but that counts for nothing with Mr. Bryan.

MUNICIPAL CREDIT.

Robert A. Waller, Comptroller of the city of Chicago, in a recent report, said that "every blow struck for municipal honesty lowers the rate of interest upor Chicago's city financial transactions, and and corporate interests." The authorities of every city in this

country should study those words, and take them to heart, for they are full of truth and sense. In order to injure or even destroy, a city's credit it is not necessary that the city officials shall be dishonest and misappropriate municipal funds. They may accomplish the same thing by slip-shod methods and mismanagement. It is now a well-recog nized fact that a municipality is a business corporation. The great functions of government are administered by the authorities of State and nation. Its business is to law and collect taxes, within a certain limit, the money thus raised to be used for the protection of property and the comfort of citizens. If the revenue is judiciously expended, if the city's affairs are conducted upon a strictly business basis, if debt is avoided, except so far as it may be necessary to the welfare of the community, and if the interest on the city's bonds promptly when due, carrying a certain sum to the surplus to be used eventually in retiring the bonds, that city will have a good credit, and it will be able to borrow money at a low rate of interest, or, which is the same thing, its bonds will com-

mand the highest price on the market. But if the city's affairs are conducted in a happy-go-lucky sort of fashion, 'f debts are piled up injudiciously, if expenses are permitted to exceed the revenues from year to year, If the city is tardy about meeting its interest claums and if the sinking fund is neglected, that city's securities will not find a ready sale, and if marketed at all it will be at

less than their face value. This is not a matter of positics, but a matter of business, and the people of tho cities of the world are more and more disposed to eliminate partisan polities

A MESSAGE TO THE GRUMBLERS

Christmas is pre-eminently the season of good cheer, and to the grumbler it should be a season of prayerful meditation. There is no place in the company of those who keep Christmas in the rode to the court-house. There he met | right spirit for the grumbler, Indeed, it

hope to receive a cordial welcome into the society of those who take a differen. view of life. During the past several years, to be sure, we were a nation of grumblers and calamity spread over the land like a scourge. But that is not our ally cheerful and happy and disposed to look on the bright side. With most of ties are precious. We are not disposed, therefore, to have our peace disturbed by eynical men who say disagreeable things to us or about us, or even about other people and conditions generally. The cynical man who makes cutting speeches, who ridicules all things and all men, who finds nothing good in either man or nature, may find a sort of cheap omfort in his power of invective, in naking the sensitive squirm, in getting he laugh on some one who is not so apt at repartee. But such a man must live to himself and within himself and in his own gloom. He can not in reason expect to affiliate with those who take a more cheerful view of life. There can be no commerce between those who live in the sunshine and thos

Yot the grumbler is not always a bad fellow at heart. His grumbling is not so much vice as it is a disease. It comes proved digestion the temper of the grumever cause, when grumbling fastens itse grumbler on this joyous Christmas morn shine. He will certainly be more agree able to other people, and the chance are that he will be more agreeable to

SANDS AND MONTAGUE

Without appearing to discuss the me of the Carter murder trial, we desire to Commonwealth's - Attorney Conway Sands, assisted by Attorney-Genera Montague, It was a prosecution entirely without malice and strictly within parliamentary practice, yet it was an earnest, conscientious, fearless, and able endenvor to uphold the majesty of the

to the strict issues of the case, but Mr. stabbling and lynching, and too little respect to the laws of God and the laws of man. In his representative capacity he made an eloquent plea for good order and breadth of this Commonwealth.

dict of murder in the first degree. But to their high calling, they gave a spien did account of themselves, and their su perb vindication of the law will have a wholesome influence, not only in this community, but, we believe, in all parts of the State. We commend them, and we assure them of our gratitude and the

A WAIL FROM STAUNTON.

In a paroxysm of calamity the other day the Staunton Spectator printed the

following in its editorial columns: rollowing in its enteriar community of the control of the per cent, business houses are standing idle. The Virginia Hotel and every building on that block is empty. The Lutheran school buildings and grounds which cost probably \$20,000, sold not long since at \$3,500. The Methodist school buildings and success which could have been sold. and grounds which could have been so only a short time ago for from forty t a bid for them of ten thousand. Bulid ings belonging to the estate of a deceased person, which had cost over \$15.00 were last week sold for less than half that sum. It may be disloyal to state these facts, but if treasonable we plead guilty. It is too often that such fact are hushed because they can do ne good it is claimed. But the statement of then does do good, in that it tends to curtail the expenditure of money both by indi-viduals and by the tax laying power. There is no denying one fact that while Staunton is admittedly the livest town of her size in Virginia, if not in the South, she is in the threes of the most desperate depression by which she was ever visited. Our merchants have laid in splendid stocks for the holidays, but our people do not seem to have the money to gratify their desires, or enjoy the lux uries as on former occasions. This is a has at a time when so much gush has been indulged in about prosperity, shows how untrathful are these claims, and how deluded have been our people who think that the scarcer money is the more prosperous we can be. We had as well really and refuse to be lower. wake up to facts, and refuse to be longer

Hitherto we have been disposed to poke what seemed to us to be harmless in iulgence in "lugabrlousness," but such a declaration as this is too serious to be laughed at, for if the Spectator is right, it would be cruel to make fun of the distress which it alleges, and if it is wrong, our contemporary has done its own people serious injustice.

But is the Spectator right? We judge not from an article which we have subsequently read in its columns from an intelligent correspondent, who makes a

correspondent admits that real estate values are not so great as they once were in Staumton, but makes the point that there is as yet no speculative demand for real estate in Virginia, and contends that In no sense is the price of real estate the barometer of business conditions, nor can the fluctuations in its price be taken as us life is sweet and our associations and the gauge of the volume of currency in circulation or held in surplus quantities. He then shows that there are good and sufficient reasons why the Virginia Hotel and the school buildings, to which the Speciator refers, are empty. He says that the failure of the proprietor of the hotel was due to causes and operations apart from the actual conduct of the hotel business and that the hotel itself was in a fairly prosperous condition. As for the schools, he says that they have not been so flourishing because their patronage came from Southern States in which local schools have now opened up, but that these buildings brought at cast what they originally cost and som of them now yield from ten to twelve per cent, on the purchase price. He declares also that it is an exaggeration to say that rents have dropped fifty per cent., and as for the assertion that Staunvisited," it is a "mere figment of a perports show, there being an aggregate dividual depositors subject to check, much so hasy as at present, and mentioned five to be erected. He declares that the and-a-half per cent. senithy condition, as evidenced by the ank deposits, to say nothing of the vast ng a fairly prosperous business and that if the people are not purchasing as liberally as at other times, it is not because

they are lacking in funds. It may be that this correspondent is too ptimistic. We know not. But we submit that such as he are doing far more opresents as being a city so impover ished that all who can should leave i and that any outsiders would be fool hardy to make investments there. sed on calamity or die. It is indeed a poor cause, not to say a desperate cause has must be bolstered up by such a hin

COL. BRYAN'S CHRISTMAS FIRE-

WORKS. are amused to read the to his people at home on Friday last ending in his resignation, he made no out said in effect that the great and comment and all-absorbing issue before the American public to-day was the question of imperialism. Colonel Bryan seemed to have forgotten all about his pet hobby, and when he observed that a arge number of people had construed his free-silver cause, he became alarmed, lest he had let something slip, and in his speech of Friday last he started off with a great exploitation of free silver.

Chrismas time and a little pyrotechnical display is entirely seasonable and exmanble. Giant crackers may make the welkin ring, and skyrockets may make the night lurid with its glare, but the giant cracker, with all its noise, is nothing but a harmless explosion, and the fridescent skyrocket proverbially

Yet all the gifts we give to-day, And all our love can plan, Are small beside the heavenly boon-The gift of God to man.

Our songs in joyous chorus rise, And yet the best of them Are broken chords beside the hymn They sang at Bethlehem.

We worship in our temples here As seems to us aright; Yet all our praise is not beyond The shepherds' joy that night.

We give to those in dire distress-Ah! here's the touch of love That brings us nearer than all else To that bright realm above.

For from the lowly cradle there To Calvary it ran-That he best serves the Master who Best serves his fellow-man.

Oh, we don't know. The bombardment it Manila was not so loud. All reports went to show that the small boy had a big time last night.

The Sunday schools will all be well attended this morning. Santa Claus had no snow at all, but he

got here just the same. If there is sentiment about the dainty foot of a silk stocking, an orange or an apple poked down in the toe will cure it.

The New York Evening Sun says: "Messrs, Croker and Sheehan are going into the quarrying business. This tooks like new public buildings for this city. The blasting business seems to be right in Croker's line.

The late Senator Brice had a life insurance policy of \$500,000 upon which he had paid only one premium when he diel, and some papers are speaking of this to show what they call his luck.

Almost everybody had a horn of one kind or another last night

A New Jersey Board of Health has found out that kissing promotes the grip. As it may come from other sources however, it won't do to ascribe kissing to everyboly you find with it.

A Malone (N. Y.) man aged one hundred and nine years, read a newspaper on the day of his death. He might have lived to a ripe old age if he had only sbunned those yellow journals. The laws of Austria-Hungary are

printed in eight different languages, and yet there are men mean enough to break them in all eight tongues at once.

The report is that Don Carlos has the grip-dut not on the Spanish throne.

The old lady who kissel Hobson and assured him that he was the "sweetest, dearest boy she ever saw," evidently had no children of her own.

A brand of hams has been namel after Senator Billy Mason. And now the Spaniard who called him a "Yankee pig" cels vindicated.

A Minneapolis society girl had her per pug's paw read by a paimist, and of course the lines read were doggerel,

Among the big plants that will run or full time during the holidays, the holly and mistletoe are conspicuous. Hobson might create a stampede in

Honolulu unless he drops the habit before he reaches the dusky beauties of

General Miles refused to be sworn before the Investigating Committee. But some of the other fellows did it for him when they heard what he said,

His Reason.

Each season has her favored son, For times are fickle as the dice, The fancy skater's now the one Who figures most at cutting ice Philadelphia Record.

Light Infantry.

The signal comes from the standing army "Tis 'Fire away!" You know.
The standing army we have in mind is the vast array of girls you'll find Beneath the mistictoe.
-Philadelphia Builetin.

Begin at the Bottom,

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Do yo usuppose the natives in the Philippines will get anything in their stocking this year?
Alr. Crimsonbeak—No; we'll have to begin by giving them the stockings.—Yonkers' Statesman.

"The minister asked me how I could lefend the practice of skating on Sun-

What did you say?" "I said it might thaw on Monday."

Puck.

Shy. First Burglar-Dis paper says you're a otorious criminal. Second Burgar-Well, dat's so; an'

I'm sorry fer it. First Burgiar-Yer sorry? Second Burgiar-Yes; I just hate no-toriety.-Puck.

Undressed Cupid.

He (reading)-Of love that never found his earthly close-She (interrupting)—Isn't Tennyson just great? You can always learn something from him. Now I understand why Cupid ented without any. But

Why He Suffers.

Mr. Snaggs-When my wife has the grip Mr. Spiffins-From sympathy, I sup-

Mr. Snaggs-To some extent from sym-nathy, but chiefly because she calls it 'the la grippe."-Pittsburg Chronicle Tel-

A Chance for Him. Mrs. O'Bride-Before we were married ou often wished there was some brave leed you could do for me to show your Mr. O'Bride-Yes, dear, and I would do

en and discharge the cook,-Roxbury Gazette, Slips

Mrs. O'Bride-Then, love, go down

There's many a slip
"Twixt the cup and the lip,
But that isn't all—nay, nay!
When it rains in the night
And then freezes tight There's many a slip next day. -Cleveland Leader.

Christmas Mystries. When over the windows frost gardens are

growing
And out in the darkness 'tis snowing and blowing, round the bright hearth happy faces are glowing And chatter and laughter make merry

the scene; When often, alone, the old folks whisper slyly, Whenever, the little ones peer about shyly

And with expectation their pulses throb highly, 'Tis easy to guess what these doings

Tis easy to guess that each little girl's thinking About a rare dolly, all winking and bilinking, And each little boy dreams of shiny skates clinking.
Impatient to skim o'er the smooth,

frozen pond. Then easy to gues that dear mother's contriving.

That father at all her dark schemes is couniving.

And both with old Santa hard bargains are driving.

To fill with pure jucy all those little

O, Father of Mercles; O, Christ, Thou, Thy love, with which Thou the lost uni-

Thy Faith, which in sorrow is grandest and bravest;
Thy hope, that descendeth, a peace-bringing dove;
In this, the sweet time that Thy children endeavor

In this golden season draw near to us, ever, That Christmas may teach us still more -Emile Pickhardt, in Boston Globs,

Sad hearts from their burden of woe to

PEOPLE AND POLITICS.

BY AN OBSERVER.

Mr. McKinley has been finding out his

country. He has been down into the

land of Robert Toombs, Ben Hill and

Henry Grady. He has been making

some very patriotic speeches down there and saying some very gracious and broad-minded things. Even let him he as "chaste as ice," yet he will not "es-cape calumny," and already some people are saying that it is an electioneering tour. This is all wrong. Mr. McKinley has spoken from his heart. It is true that it has only recently been brought hame to him and many other leading men of the North Just how loyal and true Southern people are. In this respect the South has had a distinct advantage over the North for many years. The Southern people have known that the North was loyal to the Union, and they have known that the South was equally loyal to the Union. People living in the South have known the condition of this whole country better than people living in the North. The North is the home of provincialism now. The wide. view of things exists much more in the Southern States than in any other part of our Union. The South knows its own affairs thoroughly, and by and through the great newspapers of the North, and because of the fact that most of our public men come from the North, it has been able to read with a nice discrimina-tion every shade of public sentiment and every political situation that has exist-on in the North since the civil war. On the contrary, unless a Northern man acually travels in the South he has held tually travels in the South he has field for years a very perverted and false im-pression of things down our way. In its youth he begins to hear tales of the fever-smitten South, of the idne woods and swamps, mosquitees and malaria, he is told tales about the Southern peo-ple's carrying pistols and knives and of their shooting down men on the slight-est provocation. This is followed up with the usual and old and well-worn tales the usual and old and well-worn takes of the oppression of the poor nearb. Then comes the dialect writer, who lo-cates in our mountains his impossible characters and their miserable twadels and jargon, which is manufactured under the smell of the lamp in some North-ern library. No wonder, then, the North-has murky notions about this great part of the Union. Mr. McKinley's visit, toether with that of his Cabinet, will d nuch to remove these impressions. It not only shows him that the hearts of these people hang in the right place, that their vision is unclouded by prejudice, but it also shows him how prosperous. how progressive, how vigorous life is in our Southern States. While Mr. McKinley is making his

journey and shaking the hands of the

warm-hearted Southerners, where great crowds can assemble in the open air in midwinter to hear his masterful short speeches, it is a very good time to call attention to the South Riself. Our beautiful valleys and mountains, our bright ours, our atmosphere that knows no ex-remes of heat or cold, or morality as things make up a tale that is little known outside of the South itself. Everything is in the South to invite people to make it their home; the trouble is it is not sufficiently known. The agents of Western towns and States swarm around the Young Englishman, the German or the Frenchman and invite him to their broad prairies. The South should take of our President and his Cabinet cannot fail to call to the attention of manking everywhere the pleasant nature not only of the Southern people but of the Southern climate and lands. We read contantly to the newspapers and heating tantly in the newspapers such headlines is these: "Sixty Killed in Kansas! Work of the Storm King?" "Reports from the Scene of the Great Tornade?" "From the Storm-Swept Regions of the West!" and the like, while beneath such headlines we real in the body of the articles of households being wiped out of existence, of men killed by faller. of men killed by falling houses and fly-ing debris, children being snatched from their father's arms and hurled to death by the raging winds. Just as soon as the frightened and revived inhabitants col-lect the remnants of their property news comes of another cyclone and blizzard sweeping down upon them-blow after ontrast this with our quiet, fertile an autiful Virginia. Think of our great cantiful Virginia. Think of our gible Mountains that keep watch are ur borders to ward off the blizzard. cyclone or tornado. Think of our blue-grass pastures and happy homestends, and bright, running water. Think of our

reat fields of coal on one side and rich neuntains of ore on the other-feeding the great furnaces and loading the ocean steamers. Think of our seascoast with its harboring arms stretched out to reits harboring atms converted the world's commerce. Think of the julcy and inscious bivaives that nestion thousands of acres of natural rock Think of our famous mineral spring; and health resorts—from Old Polnt Cemand health resorts—from Old Polnt Cemand to the supply. fort and Virginia Beach to the suiphu and lithia springs of the Southwest and valley, Think of all these things and thank the Lord He has cast your lot thank the Lord He has cast your let"in green pastures and besides still waters," and stay at home. If you are a
Western man, crouching in your sod
house from the cycleme's rage, freezing
and shivering in the blizzard's breath,
pick up the pieces of your household and
kitchen furniture, gather up the fragments of your wife and children and your wife and children and come to Virginia. We have been a united country ever since General Lee gave up the struggle at Appemattex. The South has known this all these years. Christmas, 1883, has rought a complete realizaztion of it to the northern people. Mr. McKinley in

his trip through the South has forey his trip through the South his forever set the seal upon a reopening of the stormy passions of the civil war. Being a Union veteran himself, a member of the Grand Army of the Republic Camp, the leader of the Republican party in the nation, he can afford to say what he has said, and all of his people will fol-low the course of his scriment. Had a Temecratic President given utterance to the same sentiments, such men as to the same sentiments, such men a Foraker would have shouted out som expressions like "palsied be the tongothat uttered them, and palsied be the hand that wrote such sentiments! hand that wrote such seathers and so on, just us was done when Mr. Cleveland proposed a return of the Confederate battle flags. They cannot us back on their own Mr. McKilley. The war is indeed over; and the southern se war is indeed over an attention of the who fought for the constitutional guarantees of a people's liberty is to have his grave cared for by our country, just like his brother in bine, who fought for the maintenance of the Union.

Speaking of the fact that it is now recognized that the civit war is at last ever recalls an incident that occurred this summer. General Thomas L. Rosser went up to his room in the Read House at Chattanooga and put on a blue uniform. He then went out to Chickamauga Park to report to General Brooke. When he got off the cars at the Park station he secured a carriage, and started off to General Brooke's headquarters. The driver asked him to ellow him to rent the other seat to an old gentleman who desired to go to the same place, and there got in beside him General James

FOR DISEASES OF THE LIVER STOMACH AND KIDNEY

the Water of the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs is the most valuable in America. Purcell, Ladd & Co., wholesale

street were old friends, and as the Union scidier recognized the old Confederate he put his arm around his neek most af-fectionately, and assured him of his plea-sure at seeing him again. Then, turning General Rosser was presented. General Brooke eyed him rather quizzi, cally for a moment, looked at his bine uniform, and said: "Well, the war is over, isn't it?" He then assigned to General Rosser's Brigade a Minnesota and an Ohio and a Pennsylvania regi-ment. An act like that General Rosser was presented, General ment. An act like that was another practical failing of the curtain upon all the passions and divisions growing out of the great struggle between the States.

We need now a counterpart to Prest-

dent McKinley's journey through the

South. We want to see General Lee ride through the North. When Lee comes

back from "free Cuba," let him visit the great North and the great Northwest, and let him visit it in the saddle. Then and let him visit it in the saddle. Then there will be acclaim, then our good brethren of the North will have an opportunity to show how much they appreciate an old "rebel" like Fitzz. Les. Two years ago at Christmas time I was in Mr. Cleveland's office in the White House. He said among other things: "I have mut one of two sucharmers in the have put one of you southerners in the most important and responsible positions at the present time in our foreign service, Confectrate." Then he proceeded to say governal pleasant things shout General Lee and about the South, President McKinley continued General Lee there. and has said even more pleasant things about both Lee and the South than Mr. Cleveland said at that time: but it shows how strangely the whirlight of time works, when we reflect that if Mr. Cleveland's sentiments had been spoken pulsifiely they would have been challenged and condemned. Now all our land approves President McKinley's cordial senself through the delicate maxes of the him through the North. It will do those people good, just as President McKinley's visit has done the Georgians good. Sentiment is the thing after all, and such

Christmas, 1888, finds our country all expectancy. The calm that has been over us during the last thirty-two years was broken by the iron-throated guns, and we were at war again. War seemed forth our warlike energies at any time. As a result, the shipyards of our country are glutted with work; Congress ex-

good and wholesome sentiment is worth

We move on, and the only safeguard of justice, of sincerity in our dealings with all mankind. Then, let the consequences take care of themselves. ngelic Christmus author

"Peace on earth and good will toward men."

BIRTHDAY OF THE KING.

H. I. Wilson's Well-Known Sketch

Yielding to numerous requests The limes republishes to-day the following Eve in Washington written just four years ago last night by Harvey L. Wil-son, then the correspondent of The Times in the capital, but now city editor of the afternoon paper in this city. Thoughtful, suggestive and couched in remarkably chaste and rhythmic language the

chaste and rhythmic imagings sketch is approiate this merning: "Tis the night before Christmas, and from the neighboring church the grand from the neighboring church the grand hymn, "Tis the Birthday of the King." hymn, "Tis the Birthday of the King" comes up from the rehearsing choir and reaches the office of The Times with its sacred melody. There is no news to-night, for the story of the people to-day began while shepherds watched their flocks by night and the angetic chorus of peace on earth, good will to man, made music for the years, and happily for us, both rest to-night beyond the inspiration of man, too pure for the touch of a word and too sacredly sweet for the point of and too sacredly sweet for the point of

and too sacredly sweet for the point of a pen.

There is no news to-night, for 'tis the throbbing of the heart, and not the intellectual grandeur of the head, upon the throne to-morrow. The future is guided by but one golden thread, which connects life to its loved ones gone before, while the past is linked to a thousand strings, which vibrate as the harp and floods the soul with a melody not new to any single heart, yet unheard by any to any single heart, yet unheard by any other.

and confusion of the noisy world beyond is lost in the tunuit which recollection recalls and upon which reminiscences rida to the guarded doors of the heart.

endeavor, are clouded by the brilliant floods of the past that pours its light upon the pictured guiltery which Time has hurs upon the sainted walls of mem-

the only day in the year when the bugie call of duty is lost in the discordant notes of the tin-horn in the hands of the

Lost in the labor of Love, as the altar is built in our homes, and lost in the laughter of joy as he gilds the shrine for the passing for the holy day.

This the missitetoe, the evergreen and the holly whose banners are hung above the people to-day, and while the flag of the country floats dearest for such days, there is no news to-night, for "Tis the birthday of the King."

I met an old friend this morning at the depot with a huge box of flowers going back into his home in Virginia, and when it was jestingly suggested that he was about to pay honor to some lovely girl, he being a bachelor, he told me that The flowers were intended for the grave of a man known to all of us, and at whose death I knew an estrangement existed between him and my friend with the flowers. The tardy tribute of love was coming now, and I could but recall the sweetest, truest old verse ever written: "If the flowers we cast on the coffin Had been strewn on the pathway of life. They oft brought relief to the bitterest grief.

And amothered the embers of strife." This, of course, is the children's day, and their presents and toys and their laughter and mirth, make Christimas for us, but he most princely present given to-morrow will be that which bridges estrangement and restores freindship, contidence and affections between people who are worthy of them all.

who are worthy of them all